

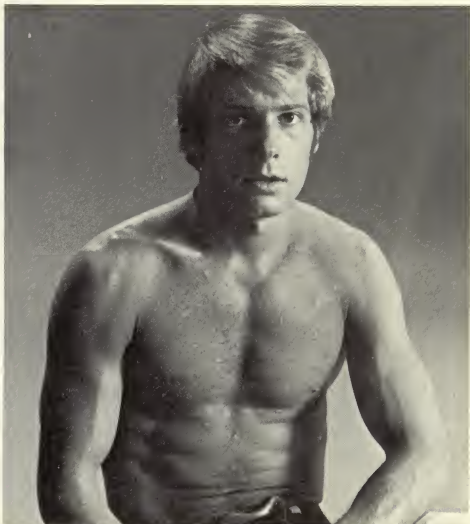
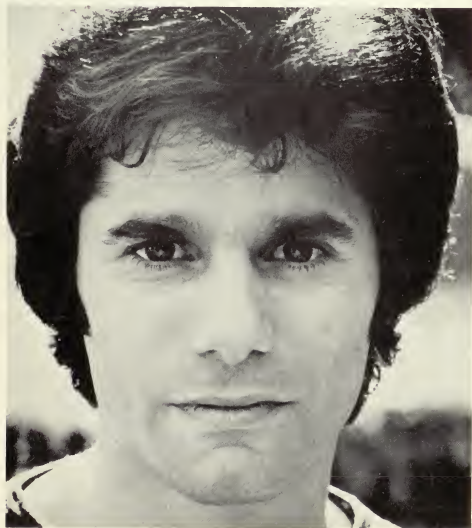
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JULY 24, 1975

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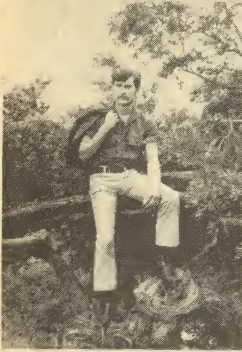
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Mike Delaney



Bill Dean



Michael Caringi



Hector Navarro

Four Men To Run For Emperor IV

Mike Caringi, Bill Dean, Mike Delaney and Hector Navarro were accepted as candidates for the title, Emperor IV of San Francisco recently at SIR Center, before a large audience consisting of gay men and women representing divergent lifestyles of the San Francisco Bay Area. The campaign commenced for the candidates immediately afterward.

Emperor Bob Cramer headed a distinguished list of Review Board Members which included Emperor I Marcus, Emperor II Russ, messrs. Dixon Olivieri, Larry Eppinette and Bob Wiggins, all members of the Council of Emperors. As specified by the Constitution of the Office of the Emperor, three additional citizens of the community sat on the Review Board and listened to all the four applicants state in their own words why they were seeking to run for the city's most distinguished title and they were Empress I, Jose Sarria, Mr. Sam Squier of the California Motor Club and Mr. Don Coffing of the Cable Car Court and a person connected with many theatrical productions in San Francisco.

After the applicants' initial statements, members of the review Board put forth pertinent questions pertaining to holding the Office and then the members of the large audience offered inquiries to the applicants. A wide range

of questions were tossed at the candidates by the voting public in an effort to learn why they were seeking the office, their plans for unifying the many factions and some personal queries about their personal involvement in civic and other affairs of the community.

Michael Caringi, 33, and sponsored by B.J. Beckwith and the Fickle Fox restaurant stated that he came from a family with much involvement in civic projects in the east. While he was reluctant to use the word "unity" to convey his thoughts and plans for better cohesion among the various lifestyles of San Francisco's gay community, Michael assured the board and the audience that his holding the title would give him an advantage in being heard whenever he engaged in harmonious and unifying endeavors. Caringi bartends at the Fickle Fox.

Bill Dean, 29, was sponsored by Bob Damron and the Damron Enterprises Group. Mr. Dean, who was a last-minute entry in the Mr. Cowboy

Contest last month and scored amazingly high to finish third in that race, expressed his surprise that the Office was imbued with a constitution that left little doubt as to the goals, purposes and accomplishments of the Office. Mr. Dean stated he had no specific goals in mind but felt his personality and backing would serve to

[Continued Next Page]

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enhance the Office with some goals that would be developed should he win the title. He is a bartender also at the Nickelodeon.

Columnist for Data Boy Magazine of Los Angeles and a local government employee, Mike Delaney stressed the need for new goals, new blood, exciting and challenging projects to present to the community should he be elected to the title. His sense of humor and his opening statements were well received by the audience and the Board and he had definite thoughts on his policies and procedures as Emperor of San Francisco. Sponsors: Doug McDonald and Grand Prix Photo Arts.

Sixteen years of total involvement in many, many affairs of the gay community and much experience in gay movements were personified in the last candidate, former S.I.R. President Hector Navarro. Certainly no stranger to leaders in both gay and straight organizations, Mr. Navarro said he felt the job was more social than anything else. His proven ability in raising funds for many, many causes in the past gave him the idea for some impetus in perhaps establishing a gay community fund, similar to the United Bay Area Crusade (UBAC) with rigid control of monies taken in by donors. His ideas for



Harvey Milk, candidate for Supervisor, addressing over 7,000 people who attended the Hare Krishna Festival in Golden Gate Park last Sunday. Senator Milton Marks was

the only other spokesperson. His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada listens from his throne.

Photo by Richard Weiss

raising funds through social interaction, fun and camp events injected interest by many of the audience. His sponsors: Charlotte Coleman and the Windjammer Saloon.

All the candidates said they felt their financial resources, supporters and employers were sufficient to campaign in the next two months and almost all will attempt to raise money for their campaigns as well as different groups in the community in their attempts to win votes and voter appeal.

It is expected that the community will see many many events by the candidates and their supporters in their efforts to "get out the vote" from noon to 8:00 PM on Saturday, Sept. 13th. Their six "official" appearances during the campaign will be August 6, New Bell Saloon; Aug. 3, Fe-Be's; Aug. 20, Nothing Special; Aug. 27 N'Touch; Sep. 3, Boot Camp; and Sep. 10, the campaign will be highlighted with their final appearance at the Royal Palace with a special benefit auction.

The Coronation of the Fourth Emperor of San Francisco, will take place at the Sheraton Palace Hotel, at 8:00 PM, Saturday, Sep. 13. Tickets at \$8.00 for both reserved and unreserved seats in the Grand Ballroom and the Garden Court are expected to be on sale throughout the city within a few days. Courts from Anchorage, Alaska to San Diego, including Denver and Phoenix will attend. The Coronation Ball will include live music and entertainment. This is the largest number of candidates to vie for the office since the first coronation and a huge voter turnout is expected.

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Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

Joe Tinney stuck it to you this month. If you rent an apartment, flat, or home, you may not have gotten the word yet, but it's a-coming. The homeowners have already heard. Their tax assessments have gone up. Anywhere from 20% to 100%, and in some cases more than 200%! And the home owner must either pay it himself or pass it on to the renters. Rent hikes of some \$20 - \$50 a month can be expected shortly. Pardon me, that is only if you are not one of the downtown "politically" connected landowners.

There are two reasons why your taxes/rents are going up. One, the present Board of Supervisors keeps increasing the budget, with little or no increase in city services in return, and, someone must pay for the budget. Second, while the neighborhoods have seen out-of-hand increases, many buildings in the downtown areas have seen drops in their assessed values! This is the reason why I have been after the assessor. (If memory serves me correctly, the last assessor was sent to jail for being, shall we say, not too honest in some of his assessments.)

Let us look at a few examples: The *land* values - not the value of the buildings on the land - just the land. In the past five years, we have seen inflation increase dramatically. In the past five years, we have seen BART begin operation. To most people, that means if there is a piece of land near a BART station, the value of that land should now be worth somewhat more. Yet building after building in the downtown area, near BART stations, have seen *lower* values placed on them this year, than five years ago! Like the Del Webb Town House! Of course political meetings after political meetings are held there. The mayor's Council on Criminal Justice held hearings there. Yet, our assessor, Joe Tinney, says that that piece of land is worth less now than it was five years ago. Another example: The value of the Mark Hopkins hotel, which has recently been renovated, is now worth 17% less, than it was five years ago.

If the city's budget goes up and the taxes on the Del Webb and the Mark Hopkins goes down - who has to pay,

not only for the higher budget, but for the decrease in tax revenue coming in from those buildings? The homeowner-renter. You.

And Joe Tinney says he is just following the law. Which law? Whose law? The law of corruption? The law of special interests? I asked Tinney a question at a public meeting last Wednesday night. He would not answer my question. I asked him the same question again at another public

meeting last Thursday night. Again he would not answer my question. I will continue to ask him that question whenever I can, until I get an answer to this question. Why is the *land* value of the Del Webb Town House, after five years of inflation and the opening of a BART station near by, lower than it was in 1970?

Tinney is not up for re-election this year. Six members of the Board of

[Continued Next Page]

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Supervisors are. Thus, the tax-rate will go down and the assessments go up. Next year when the Supervisors are not up for re-election and the assessor is, the tax rate will probably go up and the assessments won't. The old game of political dealings continues. And the taxpayers get it year after year.

The Board of Supervisors can do something about it now. The Board of Supervisors can order the assessor to make a re-assessment right now. It will be interesting, in an election year, to see if they will have the nerve. For, if they do, then they must increase the tax-rate, in order to pay for their budget.

According to statistics turned over to me by some concerned groups, here is a list of some of Joe Tinney's assessments:

The *Land value* of these properties (not the buildings) went down the during the past five inflationary years: The Olympic Club, 524 Post; American Savings & Loan, 690 Market; Equitable Life, 120 Montgomery; Wells Fargo, 464 California; Golden Gateway Center, 560 Battery; Golden Gateway Center, 100 Washington; Del Webb, 1169 Market; Burrett Garages, 441 Mason; Northern Countries Title, 275

Bush; Walter Shorenstein, 465 California, #1 Embarcadero Center; Cal-lison Trust, 301 Mason; New York Life, 1 Bush; M&T Inc., 101 Post; Mary Stebbins, 870 Market.

The following properties and build-ings had the following changes in total assessed valuations. How do they compare with the 25% - 200% increase that the homeowners received?

Del Webb Town House - down 20%; Mark Hopkins - down 17%; Prudential Life - down 13%; Sullivan Corp., 255 Sutter - down 16%; Fox Plaza - down 8%; The Olympic Club - no change; Post & Powell Garage - no change.

Skipping down the list to those who got increases:

Wells Fargo - up 1%; Bank of California - up 1%; Ben Swig, 234 Bush - up 3%; and the list goes on and on.

I will not ask, now, what the rate of increase was on the personal home and all properties owned by Assessor Joe Tinney, and Mayor Alioto.

These figures may mean very little to you. You may not care about them. Wait until your rent goes up. And our Board of Supervisors who can do something about it, what will they do? Every single supervisor is up for re-election, voted for that budget. They

voted to increase your taxes and then Joe Tinney slipped it to you on top of that.

Law In Action

FURTHERANCE OF JUSTICE

Joe Loozer sits in court with two black eyes. His hand is in a cast. There's a bandage on his head. Joe looks as if he started a fight with the wrong guy. To top off his error, the cops bundled him off to jail.

When his case is called, the District Attorney addresses the court: "Your Honor, the defendant here, Mr. Loozer, has been in the hospital for two days following his arrest. The charge filed against him is simple assault. Although witnesses say he started the fight in the bar, it appears he was more sinned against than sinning. My office recommends that the charges be dismissed."

The judge studies Joe, smiles, and says "Case dismissed." And Joe is once more a free man.

One reason for dismissal is that the D.A. might not have a solid case. Or he might think, as in Joe's case, that it really won't serve any useful purpose to prosecute. Or there might be other, special reasons for not prosecuting.

The defendant is not allowed to move for dismissal. But the court may do it on its own. For example, a trial is proceeding. The judge learns that the police used illegal means to gather evidence. In the furtherance of justice the charges are dismissed. Or perhaps during the trial the judge is convinced the "victim" is lying.

The court may dismiss the case at any turn — even after a conviction before sentence is imposed. It must notify the prosecutor and he must be given a chance to give his views.

The order for dismissal usually stops further prosecution on the same crime. The prosecution may appeal the dismissal. This is one of the few times it can appeal.

Sometimes, now, a court may dismiss earlier criminal charges when they are alleged for the purpose of increasing punishment in a later case. These harsher sentences may hurt, rather than help the defendant straighten out. The court for good reason can strike charges that merely increase the penalty.

[Note: California lawyers offer this column so you may know about our laws.]

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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

The Board of Stupefyers

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to another episode of *The Procrastinators*, that zany new comedy all about the lighter side of city government!

Supervisor Diane Winestock: (banging gavel) Attention, please, attention, please. This meeting of the Queensville Board of Supervisors will now come to order. Mr. Parliamentarian, what is our first order of business for today?

Robert Rule: Under Old Business, you have written that the Board is to take action on the issues of Crime. Unemployment, the poor Public Transit system, Lack of Industry and the sky-high City Tax rate. These issues were postponed at the Board's last meeting.

Supervisor Plushy: A question, please, if I may. Mr. Rule, how long have issues been postponed, to date?

Rule: Exactly seven and one-half months now, sir.

Plush: Uh . . . thanks.

Supervisor Bourgeoisie: Aw, what the heck, we've gotten by for that long, and the city hasn't fallen apart yet. I saw we move for postponement again.

Winestock: Supervisor-Von-Bourgeoisie-has-moved-for-postponement-are-there-any-seconds-I-second-the-motion-all-those-in-favor-say-aye?

Supervisors: A-Y-E-I-I-I!

Winestock: Next order of business please, Mr. Rule..? And please make it short; there are four of us here who still have their campaigns for Mayor to attend to!

Rule: Ms. Winestock. The next order of business is regarding the Charity Reform Ordinance, designed to eliminate - er, rather protect - Queensville's smaller charitable organizations.

Von Bourgeoisie: I'll go for that! We'll protect them right out of business!

Plushy: Except for Amalgamated Charities, Inc., and the Religious Fundraising Corporation, of course.

Von Bourgeoisie: Of course. We can call them . . . oh, let's see . . . how about, "Recognized"—no, no, "Estab-

lished Charities". How's that sound?

Voice: (from the audience) Like a facist plot!

Plushy: Oh, oh.

Winestock: The gentleman in the audience will refrain from further outbursts, or will find himself eighty-sixed. Now, if you have something to say, would you please come up to the podium and identify yourself?

Spokesman: I represent the Planning Committee from last week's Gay Rights

Parade, and . . .

Winestock: Sit back down.

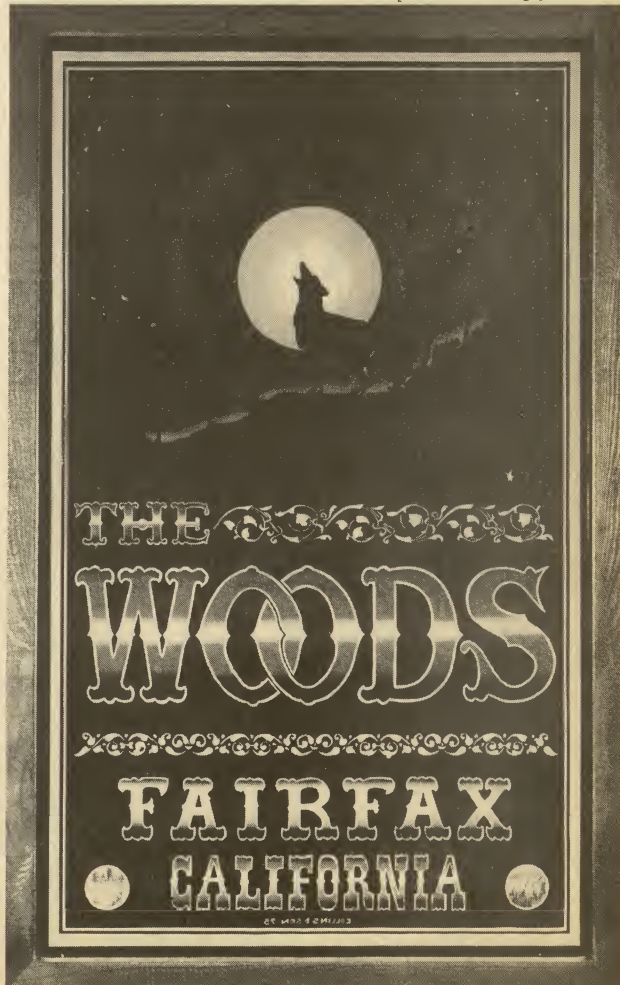
Spokesman: Not this time, Ms. Winestock. You're going to hear what I have to say.

Winestock: Very well, then please continue, Mr. Spokes . . . "Faggot," I believe you call it?

Spokesman: What I would like to know is why seemingly every other parade in Queensville except for ours gets money appropriated for them from the city's Hotel and Lodging Tax?

Winestock: Why, that's very simple.

[Continued Next Page]



We didn't see your parade, did we gentlemen?

Plushy: (catching on) Uh . . . certainly not.

Von Bourgeoisie: We sure didn't, Ms. Winestock.

Winestock: Did any of the Supervisors see the parade this gentleman is referring to?

Supervisors: N-A-Y-I-I!

Spokesman: But there were over 80,000 people watching!

Winestock: That doesn't matter. We didn't see it, and we are the ones who make the appropriations. Your request is denied; let us move on to the next

order of business. Guards, please show the queer to the door.

Spokesman: (being dragged away) Of all the corrupt, graft-ridden . . . you'll hear from my lawyer!

Winestock: Next on the agenda, Mr. Rule?

Rule: Well, nothing . . . just this small item about barking dogs in the city.

Plushy: Just the subject I wanted to discuss! Now, I say we should assign a special squad of police—take them off of the Homicide Division; they're not doing anything—and have them start timing how long these dogs go on

barking, and start issuing tickets for say, ten minutes of barking.

Winestock: An excellent idea! It's about time we started to concern ourselves with these real burning city matters! ☆

*Dedicated to Harvey Milk
E N D*

Little Ruby 'Sees' Royalty

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEDITATION TURNS OUT TO BE SOMETHING ELSE!

One afternoon, after coming out of the convent chapel, Little Ruby was standing on the plaza and looking at the tremendous view of the countryside. (The convent was located high up on the side of Mt. Misereremeidei-Quia-peccavitsed-nontristis sum. To this day there are curious carvings found all over the mountain which are phallic in shape, much to the consternation of the nuns, who in their spare time are busily knitting little covers for them, lest the good ladies are distracted in their daily meditation.)

While standing there looking at the view, she saw a cloud of dust along the great highway, coming down from the north. Ruby was puzzled, for this was Sunday, and none of her sisters were out on their bikes terrorizing. On the 7th day they rested, as demanded by The Law. No partying, no orgying, no nothing. She wondered what could be causing all that dust. Just then, Sister Lucy of the Holy Orgasm came wandering along, quietly meditating on her name, and stood looking at the dusty clouds. It appeared that the cloud was really a great procession. As it neared the base of the mountain, a great din was heard by the two. People were chanting, swaying, waving banners, and low! There appeared in the midst of all this, an elephant with a Byzantine Queen astride the beast.

"Deus Meus!" exclaimed Little Ruby. "What indeed can this all be about?" Sr. Lucy said, "Child, fear not... 'tis only those bizzare folk from the north, Babylon-by-the-Bay, on their annual procession. That is their Empress on the great purple and yellow beast, covered with daisies - symbol of the Monarch. Fleur de Lys gives her hay fever."

"Each year at this time, they journey south, to escape the fog and to pay homage to the strange mushroom

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and hemp gods, south of here. We have heard that they are a dissipated lot, given to wicked and unnatural ways. I daily offer thanks that I am a humble member of our small convent, doing only the simple things: repairing the Hog Sportsters, degreasing and making repairs on the leather garb after a hard day's rampaging, although I prefer not working in the lab making the cocktails. It takes days to rid myself of the smell of gasoline. Yes, sister, ours' is a good, simple life."

Ruby blinked a couple of times, nodded affirmatively at her sister in religion, and kept looking at the procession below, which was certainly becoming more outrageous as it got closer to the road leading up to the convent. Soon the chanting became louder and they heard: "Two, four, six, eight - how do you know your Sister is really straight!"

"Well," said Sr. Lucy. "They are an impertinet lot. If they keep this up, I'm afraid trouble is what they will encounter, not more dust and cacti." Just then, Sr. Rough & Ready, the Superior, came wandering their way and noticed the two looking down. "Good afternoon, dear Sisters. What is going on down the mountain this afternoon that keeps you from your contemplation." As she came closer, she could see down the side of the mountain, and saw and heard was the distraction was.

"Och! Not that crowd again. Why listen to what they're shouting this year. Oh, dear me, this time they are going a little too far. Sister Lucy, go to the lab and bring forth one of our 'Sunday Parade Specials.' " (The country was too dry to make cheese, so the good nuns manufactured a variety of Molotov Cocktails which they sold to various and sundry revolutionary groups. The girls had to make a living somehow.)

A few moments later, Sr. Lucy returned with a wine bottle which had old disciplines intertwined with discarded cloth veils. The Superior lit the wick and gave a mighty hurl and sent the missile flying down the mountain. A great explosion was heard for miles around, the elephant screamed and tossed its Imperial passenger to the ground, amidst a flurry of feathers, daisies and glitter. The Empress was saved a very un-royal death of being trampled, thanks to the quick action of her followers.

Very quickly the dazed crowds below realized that they were at the gates of the Dreaded Bandit Nuns'

convent, and decided not to fuck around with that group any longer, and they all fled down the highway, some on their roller skates, others on tricycles and bikes, the others ran like hell.

The pious women above tittered, and said "Good aim, Rev. Mother."

The bell in the tower then began to ring, and Sr. Rough & Ready said quietly, "It's time for Vespers, Sisters. We must go and sing God's praise and glory." And the hurried off, in a manner of speaking, with radiant smiles on their faces. Not for nothing was the convent's motto taken from the Book of Judith: *"The Persians trembled at her boldness, the Medes were daunted at her daring."*

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Social Commentaries

The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

Some weeks ago my roommate complained, "As soon as I tell them I'm a hairstylist, they lose interest..."

"So, what do you tell them?"

"Sometimes that I'm a truck driver, or a track coach, or..."

"Do you think they believe you?"

"Who cares - it's easier." I couldn't have disagreed more. Hairdressers as a

brood don't rattle me any more. (I think I've grown.) Many of the men I know today who work on hair have grown too. My roommate, Charles, is not an easy person; I think he's got some catching up to do.

The beauty, trade following the general business trend of the last several decades has assiduously struggled to

up-grade its image. On one front it has changed nomenclature. A beauty parlor has become a hair salon, a permanent wave has expanded to an "undulation," the beautician has graduated to a hair stylist. Enter Cosmetology... Similarly the shop has moved out of spare bedrooms and basement apartments into suburban shopping centers. In the 50's and 60's the decor buffoned into cutesy pink and Hollywood gold-leafed white, with heavy, heavy splashes of crystal. In the last few years the motif has gone natural - much weathered wood and wicker (a cross between a plant shop and a health food store). Today's beauty products are big on protein, vitamins, and herbal bases. Women emerge into parking lots no longer reeking of woolworth toilet water. These days they smell of cabbages and artichokes. Evening in Paris synthetic sweet has given way to Great Outdoors Unscented. Who knows, the cucumber and strawberry rinses might some day give ground to essence of turpentine and kerosene jelly. And coconut night creme will be replaced by a face mask of crude oil.

In keeping with our return to primeval forest and garden patch, today's operators look as if they've just returned from their class in transcendental meditation or are preparing for a week's back-packing in the Sierras. Some are even vegetarians... They no longer look like they've just minced out of Versailles. And out side of coffee shop waitresses, the ladies no longer hit the sidewalk frozen in lacquered melmac.

Half of today's hairdressers are so cool you can't tell them apart from a forest ranger; the other half are so hot they could pass for Mick Jagger.

And perhaps their greatest boon (changing label changed little) was that they had one skill suddenly sought out by all sexes: they and they alone could cut hair. Like so many of my friends, I can't recall the last time I was in a barber shop - almost eight years now. And when I couldn't find someone to cut my hair and not shear me clean, I lopped it off myself. Hoping before long some hairdresser would take pity on me. Today's beautician works on HEADS be they male or female or on a plate. After those long years in the wilderness of Oz, the good fairy passed on to them one of her magic wands: a first-rate pair of blunt scissors.



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Scores of them have cropped up as super-successful businessmen. Perhaps not yet on a par with the board chairman of General Motors or General Foods. Who knows; we might someday see a General Beauty. The entrepreneur with a string of salons or the promoter of an international franchise operation is no more to be giggled at than the owner of a constellation of MacDonald Hamburger stands or a necklace of Cadillac dealerships.

Not a few have blossomed as celebrities. And while I haven't heard of one running for Governor or awarded a Nobel Prize, I've seen enough on talk shows, in magazines and newspapers to know they visit the White House, nightclub the stars, and follow the jet-set trails around the globe. And while *Kenneth's Complete Book on Hair* might not have outsold *All You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex*, as a friend related who worked in a resort hotel; it was the *only* volume he had continually to return to the lobby book rack. The only reading material the guests took to their rooms.

A final bouquet: every hairdresser I have met was a hard and enduring worker. Men who struggled out of working class background. As Kenneth himself recalls, "I had to make money and help out at home." Not everyone of them makes it from a dishwasher in the Syracuse, N.Y. railway-station restaurant to a salon in a five-story mansion on East 54th St. Not everyone of them gets to turn out a Jackie or La Monroe, yet the dreams of secretaries, housewives, and widows are as in need of fulfilling. I never knew one who couldn't get a job, I've known few who haven't kept a job, and I've known many who were ever ready to move to a better job. And for every "over-educated under-appreciated" queen swilling away his bad luck on some bar stool or stoned away in some roach-littered hovel, I can only say, "Sit up and take notice of a better man." A better man who stands long hours on his own two feet, battering at fate with a handful of rollers, snipping at life's confusions with little more than a pair of scissors.

The transformation of the beauty trade has been a happy one - would that all of its practitioners shared in the new good times. So to you Charles: it's not the heads you're working on that back comb your style; it's your own head that could use a shampoo and set.

[Continued Next Page]



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Special Feature

It's Z-i-n-g-i-e

© 1975 by Donald 'Cameron Scot'

just before Christmas, 1974, busily campaigning for one of our now current titleholders, it began to seem that two things I very much wanted would get squeezed out of a calendar that had but one date on it: I wanted to see a great number of friends and acquaintances

to wish them a Merry Christmas, friends that would not be in the places we were scheduled for campaign parties, and, I wanted to spend one entire evening amid Buzzby's fantastic Christmas Trip. With only that one free evening, it would have been impossible to do both since most of the people I wanted to see did not frequent Buzzby's regularly and I obviously could not be in two places at once, despite the rumors that we were all over town. There could be but one solution: to spend an entire evening at Buzzby's with the people I wanted to see before Christmas.

So it was that at 9:00 on December 23, 1974, the first of what would eventually be a crowd of about 125 people began arriving at Buzzby's for a last chance to wish one another a Merry Christmas before going various and separate ways for the holiday itself. Some of us would be spending time together again on Christmas Eve and others of us would be together for Christmas Dinner, but that evening was the last before the holiday that we would ALL be together at the same time.

1:30, with the entire panoply of lights flashing through the garlanded Schwarzwald that was Buzzby's at Christmas, choreographed by the multiplied stereo of the Hallelujah Chorus, brought to a resounding chorus an evening of unrivaled camaraderie and holiday cheer. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were almost anti-climatic and might have been a letdown had it not been another gathering of 110 people for Christmas Eve and Christmas Dinner for 57. Though both of those two following days held their own measure of satisfaction, December 23 was still the "Christmas" when we were ALL together. It was, simply put, a fabulous evening.

Because we had had such a good time that evening, it seemed appropos to do it again by the time the plans for the second gathering were formulated for January 30, 1975 at the Elephant Walk, the event had a name: Zinggie, a camp diminutive of current slang, "to zing," to inflate something, beyond any reasonable expectation based on a given foundation, i.e., to write a book report having read only the first and last chapters. Similarly, a Zinggie inflates business beyond reasonable expectation for that crowd on that night. It is not promoted by the bar and, in fact, the bar gets notice only about three days before so that they will be prepared for a larger than expected (zing) crowd. It would be grossly unfair and self-defeating for 100 or so people to descend on an unprepared bar and find only one or two bartenders trying to handle it.

A Zinggie then is a fairly large group of friends and acquaintances who periodically get together to create a party-like atmosphere to enjoy one another's company; a chance to see friends one might not have seen for a while; a chance to meet new people in an atmosphere more conducive to such meeting than it would be in a the more common, self-contained atmosphere that surrounds us when just going out to a bar because almost everyone knows

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someone, some know almost everyone, and there are always new people joining in to be met. That almost all of those people are friends and acquaintances of mine is no accident. Valuing and respecting each of them, it becomes, as it started out at Christmas, a thoroughly pleasurable experience to have the infrequent chance of seeing them all together of an evening generating the spark and vivacity of a party, enjoying themselves and one another. "The pleasure of your company," as it were.

On, then, to Zinggie #3 (Buzzby's - again - May 11, 1975) and Zinggie #4 (The Levi Ball), and a complex set of circumstances and *presumptuous* conclusions from one NOT IN A POSITION TO KNOW, attempting to label The Zinggie as something that it was, and is, not.

It would be less than truthful to deny that what became The Zinggie was my idea, born in a desperate attempt to reconcile two mutually exclusive desires. It would be less than truthful to deny The Zinggie at The Levi Ball was an attempt to begin to bring together disparate segments of the gay community.

(To be continued.)



HOW MUCH

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A reward fund has been established for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the assailants of Dennis James Dickinson, deceased. (Found murdered at Folsom and Sherman Streets, San Francisco, early on the morning of July 21st.) For information regarding donations to The Dennis James Dickinson reward fund, contact: Damon de Winters, Trustee, (415) 285-4696.

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Warped Floors

Warped Floors, mourning the suspended-animation of *Rickets*, may sink solace in another unforgivable stab at levity. This time its off to '60's Havana, that historical twilight zone. How many more beats can their self-indulgent heart endure, and more importantly, when can we too partake of this communion. "Who wants to know", "what makes ya think you'll ever see it", and "snap already, these earrings are killing me", were some of their more civil defenses. Maybe I wasn't sympathetic enough, but really, twelve 'pretty pleases' should have gotten back the camera with its lens intact. "buy a new one Mister Blow-Up", was the last thing I remember before blacking out.

What I want to know is will warning signs be posted in time. Sit tight and look forward to a night in Hully-gully Havana via Warped Floors, hopefully before hurricane season, we wouldn't want them to compete. ☆



Alumnae from the House of the Good Shepherd nearly prostrate with grief upon learning that the old school mascot, "Trixie" the porcupine was hit by a street sweeping machine.

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Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead

The summer of '75 in San Francisco has thus far been bountiful indeed. We have seen several winners — *Me & Bessie*, *BBB Goes Bananas*, *Good Evening* — and more that were good entertainment if not memorable — *Wonderful Town*, *Bullshot Crummond*, *Father's Day*, *Noel Coward In Two Keys* — and now at the MONTGOMERY PLAYHOUSE comes the latest in the winner category, James Kirkwood's *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*.

In the trend of the 70's, Kirkwood has written an often uproarious and not a little touching comedy about two men, both losers, who meet in a strange encounter and discover a mutual respect and admiration that makes winners of them both. It's really an offbeat love story with genuine wit. Kirkwood's script evokes humor out of pain, the true essence of good comedy, and knows just when to pull back to prevent the evening from ever becoming maudlin or heavy. Milton Katselas has directed with sweeping theatricality and insight, and Dwight Jackson has contributed one of the best sets of the season.

On New Year's Eve, actor Jimmy Zoole gets fired from his new play, finds out his soap opera is killing him off and returns to his New York apartment to find his girlfriend is leaving him, his cat has died and a burglar is hidden under



Robert Foxworth gloats over his captive, Jeff Druce, in "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!" now at the Montgomery Playhouse.

the bed. He ties the burglar to the kitchen sink and holds him prisoner as he vents his suppressed hostilities upon the bewildered bisexual burglar. Robert Foxworth as Jimmy offers a fine multi-layered performance as an uptight square gone momentarily berserk, howling his pain and frustration in a series of funny one-liners. Newcomer Jeff Druce is rivetingly dynamic as the burglar Vito, a sensitive guttersnipe who digs "humpy" men and steals to buy presents for his little daughter. The two men play with exceptional rapport and believability, even set in a fantasy situation that should particularly delight gay audiences.

Claudette Nevins contributes a nicely controlled portrayal as the

swining girlfriend Kate who finally gets shocked by her predictable ex-boyfriend, and Roberta Callahan manages a good comedic turn in a role that is jarringly overwritten for obvious broad comedy.

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead did not do well on Broadway in New York recently, due to producer problems. With the first-rate acting of Foxworth and Druce under Katselas' deft direction, *P.S.* should do much better the second time around on Broadway in San Francisco.

New Boys In Town

by Donald McLean

One of the more alluring factors about San Francisco audiences for producers is that San Francisco has never been a particularly star-struck town. A show need not have a major name to guarantee success. If the word of mouth is good, the audiences will go to see the show; if it's an unmitigated disaster (remember *Knickerbocker Holiday*?), Burt Lancaster in the lobby serving free coffee won't draw patrons. The play's the thing and with the spate of new plays opening currently, let's look at three up-and-coming young actors that bode exciting promise for the summer theatrical scene.

JEFF DRUCE — "P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD"

What's a nice young Jewish boy from Forest Hills, N.Y. doing in San Francisco playing a bisexual Italian burglar who spends 75% of James Kirkwood's play *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead* tied face-down to the kitchen sink with his ass exposed? He's trying desperately for that one role that will elevate him out of the category "struggling unknown." Says Jeff Druce, "This is the big break. I've been doing zilch up until now. I was just so fuckin' good they had to choose me!"

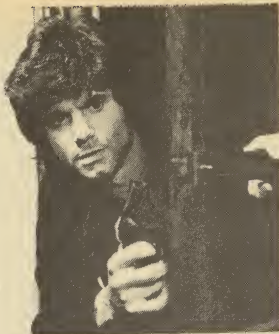
He's 5'7" with piercing brown eyes, black hair, and what he described as "a definite ethnic look." "Ask me questions; I don't know what to tell you." Why did he become an actor? "Beats the hell out of me. I have no idea. I think I must have been drunk." But beneath the flipness beats all the defense mechanisms and insecurities of a man who has

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pounded too many pavements for eleven years with too little success. "I've been a loner. I don't dig it very much. I've been very insecure about myself. I'm in a funny period of my life. I was a total failure for years, trying to sell myself by being what I thought they wanted. I've been depressed for about eight years. Then, about a year ago, I discovered what does work for me is trying to please myself, doing what's right for me. I dunno. But things have been going much better since then. You know, the better the thing is, the better you're treated. It's the people at the bottom who are rotten. It's the secretaries who dump on you!"

Honesty and integrity are the two qualities Jeff seeks for in others and demands from himself. And he's certainly honest as he talks about his previous theatrical training. "I was an Acting Fellow with A.C.T. when they were on tour and didn't have a home yet. I love what they do but it's just not for me. Actors are used as pawns in their productions. I'm interested in the art of acting, not putting on plays. Theater is the actor's medium, not the director's. I went to N.Y.U. in New York. I think those organized acting schools are the worst thing in the world for you. I was completely demoralized for a year after



Jeff Druce

that. They have a philosophy — They're professional and you don't know anything and they're going to break you down to a pulsating mass of protoplasm and then they're going to mold you their way. If they were that good, they wouldn't be teachers, they'd be on Broadway acting. When I got out of N.Y.U., I was prepared to be nothing... and I was." He credits famed director-teacher Gene Frankel for his training; "a terrific man, head and shoulders above everybody else."

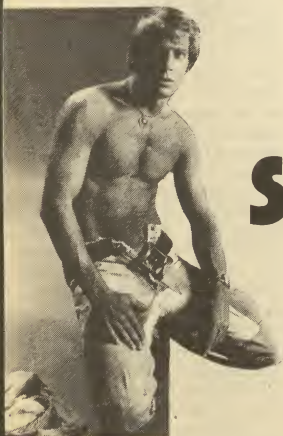
Like all young actors, Jeff had many jobs to support himself while training. "I was a waiter for 3 years. My best job was at Joe Allen's in New York. That was a blast! I demonstrated rug shampoo on 14th Street and drove a cab for a year-and-a-half. That was awful... Three years ago I moved to L.A. but I couldn't get into the L.A. thing because it's all T.V. there. The good thing is, you don't need that much money to live in L.A. My biggest expense is going to the movies." His career dedication allows no outside interests or hobbies; acting is IT, 24 hours a day. Perhaps the essence of Jeff Druce is summed up by his choice of favorite films and actors — *On the Waterfront*, *East of Eden*, *Last Tango in Paris*, Brando, James Dean and Al Pacino. "I've got the same small ethnic look as Pacino and it's tough to find parts. You can do crap and elevate it, like what Pacino did in *Serpico*. When you're an actor, you're an entertainer."

And now comes his big break in *P.S. Your Cat is Dead*, which has been extensively re-written for the San Francisco production. "On Broadway, the play was about Vito (the burglar) and that was wrong. It should be Jimmy's play. It's a much better play now. On

[Continued Next Page]

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Broadway, they've commercialized themselves out of existence. That's what's great about this project. Everybody's going for the project, not the personal glory." Speaking about his role as Vito — "He's had no breaks. He's very sensitive and naive and to live he's learned to get by on the street. It's his profession."

It's not a bad description of Jeff Druce either, who simply says, "I want it all. I want to be really good!"

PHILIP TOBUS — "BEACH BLANKET BABYLON"

If you're 6'3", sandy blonde, handsome and come from a wealthy Jewish Chicago family, own apartment buildings and your own plexiglass company, it makes perfect sense that you're working as a dancing yellow gorilla in San Francisco. At least it does to Philip Tobus. It also seems perfectly logical to him to drive a cab a couple of nights a week to supplement his income as a performer, or to get caught trying to steal two cheese enchiladas from Safeway because he didn't have any cash with him. Philip's life may not make a great deal of sense, but it certainly provides colorful copy.

"I played basketball, my whole life until I was 19, and I went to bed with

cheerleaders and colored maids. Seriously, I had a fat colored maid named Elsie with huge boobs. I went to the University of Wisconsin on a basketball scholarship and majored in dentistry." Well, that seems perfectly in keeping with a nice Jewish boy headed in the right direction . . . but "when I was 19, I met a man who was the director of the Chicago company of *Hair*. He told me he thought I could get into the show, so I auditioned and made it. You had to sign a card saying whether you would or wouldn't do a nude scene at the end of the first act and whether you wanted to be in the back or right up front. Of course, I said I would and I wanted to be right up front center. But when I did the nude scene I had my black socks and an erection on, so I got fired."

Undaunted by this minor setback, he went to New York and got into the New York company. "New York was really like a closed clique and I never got in, so I started hitting people because I felt alienated." He managed to stop swinging long enough to move downtown off-Broadway in *Your Own Thing* and then, in another logical move, he went to Greece on vacation, convinced he would never work again. "I got a telegram from Bob Stigwood asking me to come audition for *Jesus Christ*



Philip Tobus

Superstar, which I did. I got to be the understudy for the part of Jesus and I played the role of the High Priest. (Philip now recounts his most memorable disaster onstage, but decency forbids. Ask him yourself!) I did it for a year and then quit. I auditioned for Norman Jewison for the movie of *Superstar* and got the part of St. Peter. So I went to Israel and did the film. I got busted in the Arab Quarter for buying a big thing of hashish. Universal had to bail me out."

"I moved to Hollywood to go with the William Morris Agency. I understudied Teddy Neely in *Tommy* but never played it. And for a year, I got sent up for the biggest parts around against incredible competition. They tried to push me a little too hard too soon and I just wasn't ready. My old lady at that time, Peaches, got an offer to move to San Francisco, so we did. Then she deserted me and I was heartbroken. The Mitchell Brothers offered me the lead in *Sodom & Gomorrah*, but I didn't do it because I wasn't sure I was ready for that yet. Then I was offered the co-starring role of a Southern pimp in *Svengali*, which was rated R. Let's just say it wasn't *Gone with the Wind*." And there were other jobs along the way, like the Aspen Shakespeare Festival and American Ballet Theatre as singer-narrator.

Philips has always sung — "My parents wanted to make me a eunich, so I always sang in those angel choirs as a little boy. I was always the non-eunich in eunich choirs. So I decided to become a high rock singer. Just in the last six years have I started studying acting and singing."

It was his singing voice that *Beach*

THE *P.S.

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Blanket Babylon director Steve Silver wanted. "I saw the audition notice and thought it was another porno movie, so I auditioned. And it gave me an excuse to stay in San Francisco. In rehearsals I thought 'What the hell am I doing, being a dancing Christmas tree!' But opening night at Olympus, it was fantastic, the response. Now I'm super-happy I'm doing it."

Philip freely admits that much of his spare time is devoted to his favorite pastime — sex. "I really prefer women to men. I dig clandestine relationships with men. I can't handle an honest male relationship." And to perpetuate his sexual image, he has posed for *Playgirl* magazine for a forthcoming centerfold. "I'm an Aries, so I really like sheep!"

Whatever he likes, the demand seems to be great for Philip Tobus, onstage and off. But when he gives out with that shy-but-horny pussycat smile, just remember he's shrewd enough to own his own plexiglass business!

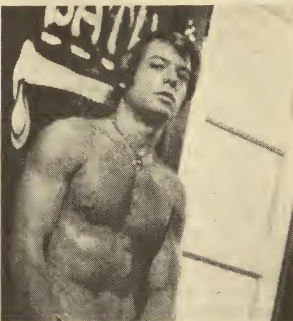
JACK WRANGLER — "SPECIAL FRIENDS"

Have you ever met a 5'10", blonde, blue-eyed cocker spaniel? Jack Wrangler is so naturally warm, honest and friendly, you can't help but feel he must be very vulnerable to exploitation by crass, commercial hardened show biz types. But Jack does nothing Jack does not believe in. He's sharp, intelligent and very trusting of his fellow men, qualities that are thus far paying off handsomely for him.

His biography rivals the old Lana Turner Schwab's Drugstore pap of Hollywood press agents, but in Jack's case, it's all true. Born 25 years ago in St. Paul Minnesota, he grew up wanting to be a forest ranger. "I like the idea of freedom and being outdoors. I worked summers through high school with forestry camps in the mill. I knew I was gay in my Minnesota summer work days. I never had any hangup with it. There were never any women around the camp, and if there had been, I'm afraid they would have been severely neglected. I was sort of the mascot. Whenever a guy won a contest, he won me. I was the All-American outdoor type. Backpacking, hiking, all that sort of thing. I had 3 years of college; then I thought I'd better do something about a career. I went across country by way of all the campsites.

"When I was in the Navy, I was sent to San Diego and fell in love with California. San Francisco is the most exciting town I've ever been in. There's a spirit and charm here that's unique. In

1975, I went to L.A. and did some modelling work there. I was having lunch at a restaurant and somebody asked me if I'd ever done modelling. So I did, bathing suits, that sort of thing. Then I was asked to do a show in Glendale, *The Subject Was Roses*, playing the son. They thought I was the type physically. They said 'Can you act?' I said, 'I don't know. I can play me.' So I went and played me. Forest ranger went right out the window. I've just never stopped working since. I really fell I haven't put in my knocks yet. Now I have to learn while I'm working and learn fast!"



Jack Wrangler

Then he met a man named Chuck Roy in L.A. who was putting on a male revue at the Paris Theatre, *Hard Hat*, and Jack Wrangler became its unclad star. "I don't dance. I was the first stripper that didn't dance. It was just like a kid walked in off the street and started grooving on himself. Everybody thought it was exciting when actually it was a copout. I would listen to the music and just set up different situations for myself. It never occurred to me it was something to get uptight about. And I had to get it up twice a show. I've always sort of felt more comfortable without clothes. And I've always relied upon other people's taste. The male nude thing was such a big deal then, everybody was doing it. It wasn't like I was initiating anything. And I have no casting couch stories either!" As he sits talking in a blue workshirt unbuttoned to the waist and tight Levi's, that seems incredible to believe, but the dazzling smile is a classic example of being in the right place at the right time.

Next came an X-rated offer in the Bahamas for good money. "It was an X-rated straight science fiction movie about two guys who discover these

women who are half fish and try to exploit them. I was All-American in swimming in high school and they needed somebody who could hold their breath underwater long enough to fuck somebody. I can't say I was crazy about the idea. Then they called to say the film was postponed three days because one of the girls had the clap. That did it!"

So, instead of the movie in the Bahamas, Jack came to do a play in San Francisco, Douglas Dean's *Special Friends*, playing Denis, a go-go boy and ex-hustler with an innate innocence. His virile good looks have already been snapped by *Vector*, *In Touch* and *Mandate* Magazines. If the play is a success, there is hope of an L.A. production, and Jack is still relying upon his natural instincts, which are excellent, to continue onward and upward. And the future? "I just want more of the same. My whole life has been so wonderful so far, I've had so much personal happiness, I just want more of the same. I have so many debts to pay back."

But Jack, what will happen if the acting career doesn't work out? Jack laughs and says, "Well, I guess I can always go back to the trees!"

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Features

Letter From Mole End

Dear Robb:

I did enjoy your last letter; didn't know there were such good flea markets in Washington, D.C., though. Somehow, I only think of the flea market as a California phenomenon, which is a silly attitude, I know, but how many times have I been farther East than Lansing, Michigan?

Your problem with the aluminum kettle you bought at the swap meet is not that uncommon. Discoloration in aluminum pots of any kind can be removed by using cream of tartar. If the discoloration is really bad, it might take two tries, but what I usually do is fill the pot a quart at a time, keeping track of the quarts, and add a tablespoon of tartar per quart, then bring the water and tartar to a boil and keep it at a low simmer for about ten or fifteen minutes. Unless the discoloring is really bad, one boiling should take care of it. An apple or two (groundfalls are fine, or apples that have spoiled in storage), cut in medium chunks with the peel left on,

will also boil out the brownness. Which lends me to believe that apples and grapes (which is where they get cream of tartar) must have some sort of botanical relationship. After you've boiled out the pot, just wash it along with your next sinkful dishes your usual way. The boiling eliminates scrubbing and panting over the pot, *totally*. I doubt whether left-over cream of tartar or apple would be harmful, but it's always wise to be sure.

I was interested to hear about your gay counselling collective. Considering the (comparatively) oppressive atmosphere of D.C., you and your fellow counsellors must have a heavy time of it. Let me know more about this, to pass on if necessary.

The goldfish must have been totally freaked with your pigeon visitor staring at them through the glass. I hope you have a lid of some sort on the tank. And what was a pigeon doing in the house, anyway? You haven't been scattering crumbs on the windowsills again, have

you? It's too bad you couldn't have slipped the fish some of the herbal tea I just discovered: based on rosemary and mint, with catnip and lemongrass and red clover, it's good for the nerves, for headaches, and for the stomach, as well as being very refreshing. It's light, and smells sort of flowery, and I find it very soothing when I've had an upsetting day. If you want to try a simple version, just combine rosemary, mint, and catnip in approximately equal proportions. The dried kind of herb you get at the supermarket will do fine. It doesn't take long to steep, and if you make too much, you can pour the last of the liquid and all of the herbs onto a potted plant, which will then love you a lot. Rosemary, is an excellent breath fresher, also chewed, a few blades at a time or brewed in tea. The old herbals recommended powered rosemary leaves in the preparation of tooth cleansers, because the oil has a strengthening effect on the gums and throat. Mint, of course, settles the stomach, as does catnip. And catnip is also used as a mild tranquilizer and remedy for headaches. All this is one herbal tea that you bought at the supermarket! I doubt that it's good for fish, though.

I spent last weekend in Mendocino, getting my head straightened out a bit and meeting some new people. I never travelled Highway One that far North before, and I wasn't ready for it to be barely two lanes wide. But the shore views are really beautiful, and I'm thinking of cycling it in the near future. A ten-speed with a solid series of low gears might be what I'd need: some of the slopes on curves are rather steep for a near-pedestrian, although the car seemed to have little trouble. The Sea Ranch is on that route, and I was curious to see how they made their architecture fit into the landscape. The answer to that is that the architecture doesn't fit into the landscape any more there than it would in Sausalito or Laguna. The difference is that everything seems to be sheathed in wood which will weather out to a greyish barn siding color, but that's not enough; all the roof lines seem to be really steeply pitched, and the spapes of the houses and the central complex are really angular and sharp. So much for ecologically aware architects. . .

Recently, I ran across a vegetable I had nearly forgotten—jimcama, You



would be amazed at what it does for a salad if you peel and slice or chuck it in at the last moment. It's a root of some sort, which I get at Mexican markets (especially plentiful at Mi Rancho, but also in some of the more advanced Safeways, Calas, etc.), and looks rather dull in its original state. It has a brown skin or it, which comes away in strips if you use the paring knife, and the root averages a pound-and-a-half whole. I understand it's starchy like water chestnuts when it's cooked, but I'm so delighted with it raw that I don't plan to explore its cooked possibilities for some time. It adds crunch and a bit of sweet tartness to a salad, and is quite good with cooked vegetables if you add it during the last couple of minutes of steaming time so that it gets hot but not soft. I used to see it in the stores all the time, when I was living on South Van Ness (was that four Mole Ends ago?), but in areas with little Latin influence it virtually disappears. You will probably be able to find it in Washington, however, and I think you'll really like it.

You say you have a terrible wax build-up on the kitchen floor, but didn't indicate what type of floor you have. If it's standard (probably ugly?) linoleum, with twenty years worth of wax on it, I would suggest you use plain gasoline to remove the old wax, keeping in mind that it's flammable. Open the windows and don't let anyone light up *anything* while you're at it. I would use a really strong solution of ammonia and water on any other type of floor—it takes two or three applications, which you have to let sink into the old wax before you scrub it up, but it's a lot safer than gasoline, even if it doesn't smell any better. The Tre wax people have an excellent wax stripper for artificial floors, which takes hardly any work. I can't say I like the odor, but with old wax to remove I'd put up with it. Whatever you use, spread it around fairly liberally, paying attention to corners, and let it work for five or ten minutes before you start scraping. The Tre wax product is diluted in water, five parts to one (that is, five quarts water, one quart stripper), and the ammonia is diluted the same way. If you want to use gasoline or white gas, just pour/spread it directly on the floor. After the solvent has had a chance to work, get in there with a putty knife or a broad scraper—even a kitchen spatula will work—and scrape up what you can. If there is wax left on the floor when you think you've stripped it, you'll be able to see it because it turns white as it softens. Pour

on more stripper and do the whole thing again. I know it sounds like a lot of work, but who wants a floor the color of a men's room flooring? Your last step, after *all* the old wax is gone, would be to wash the floor thoroughly with a mild ammonia and water solution, swab it dry, and wax it. I find that letting the floor dry overnight is best when I've used ammonia on it. Somehow, the ammonia messes up the new wax if the floor is still damp when you get back to putting the shine on, so overnight is a good precaution. In the old days, people used to shellac linoleum before the first coat of wax was applied; plain furniture varnish is good, too. And don't worry about pigeons: the smell will warn them.

If you can get your hands on an electric floor polisher, do invest some time in plain paste wax. The type containing carnauba (whatever that is) is very handy to use on the kitchen floor. You can wash it with a mild soap solution weekly for about three months before it dulls noticeably, as long as you rinse, and washing soda in water prolongs the shine even further; it's well worth the time it takes to apply and polish a hard wax.

I'm on my way shopping - dinner

rush hour is over - so I'll close. Keep yourself together (herbally?) and let me know about collective efforts. ☆

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Imperial Newsletter

By Wally Rutherford

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE EMPEROR:

The Emperor, Bob Cramer and the Cable Car Court wish to thank everyone who attended the Cable Car Barn Dance on Saturday, July 19th, at S.I.R. By your support more than \$600 was raised for S.I.R. In addition, a very special thanks to the Emperor Candidates and their committees for helping us make the dance such a success.

The August fund raising event will be held at FeBe's on Wednesday evening, Aug. 13. (Please note date change.) The event will be an All-Star Auction. Also, that same night is an official candidates night at FeBe's. All proceeds from the auction will be turned over to the California Committee For Equal Rights.

ON THE LOCAL SCENE: A reminder that on Sat., Aug. 16, is Cable Car Court night at the Wizard of Oz. The production is presented by the Daisy Court of Doris X, in cooperation with the Tavern Guild of San Francisco as a benefit for Operation Concern. Please contact Wally Rutherford for tickets.

Sunday, July 27, is the day for Circus-Circus, at California Hall. The event is also a benefit for Operation Concern and will feature a Mr. and Ms. Circus-Circus Contest.

OUT OF TOWN FUNCTIONS: Emperor Bob Cramer and cabinet members Dale Evans and myself were on the wing again over the July 4th weekend. Our mini vacation took us to the Great Northwest city of Seattle where hospitality, friendship and fun are the passwords. The occasion was the Second Annual "Liberty Ball" which was held on Sat., July 15th. Preceding the Liberty Ball on Friday, was dinner and show at the Fox and Hounds. The buffet dinner was nicely prepared and tasty and the all-star review that followed was highlighted by the exceptional performances of Christi, Princess Royale of Portland and Scottie, Empress of Denver.

As part of the activities at the Liberty Ball, their Majesties Dominique and Lance and members of their courts presented their production of "The Wiz." To their Majesties, cast and crew, a bravo to you for a fantastic show!

A very special thanks to Dominique and Rick, George Ray of The Annex, Lance and Lola (Oly III) for their gracious hospitality during our stay in Seattle. Also, thanks to the other out of town visitors from Denver, Portland and Vancouver, for a fun-filled weekend.

While Empror Bob Cramer was in Seattle, Dan Strong and Bob Shore were in attendance at the San Fernando Valley Coronation, representing his Majesty. Congratulations to new Emperor Hoy, and to the new Empress, Busty O'Shea (an ex-San Franciscan).

The following weekend July 12 & 13, The Coits of San Francisco sponsored their second Reno Trip of the year. Although the trip was not an official court function, Emperor Bob Cramer and members of his cabinet were onboard. As a special added treat, Mona and Greer from Portland were there on vacation and Lady Gray Top and Lola Oly III of Seattle drove down for the festivities.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE EMPRESS:

Congratulations to S.I.R. on its Eleventh Year Anniversary. The festivities of July 18th indeed showed how the organization has benefited our society by the large attendance. The evening was high-lighted by "The Wizard of Oz" cast singing numbers from Munchkin Land and Emerald City. Michelle, who is co-producing the show enjoyed introducing the songs and cast members. The costumes are fantastic. Everyone has worked very hard and Doris is confident all will be rewarded when the curtain rises August 15th at the Kabuki.

Doris wishes all her best to the candidates for Emperor IV, who were introduced at the Cable Car Barn Dance at S.I.R. on Saturday the 19th. Doris is looking forward to working with anyone of the fine candidates: Hector Navarro, Michael Carangi. Mike Delaney and Bill Dean.

Information for those who are interested in applying to become a candidate for Empress XI will be announced in the next few weeks. Official presentation will be at the Beaux Arts Ball on October 25 at the Hyatt Regency. The review board will consist

of: Empress Doris, Dick Gersbach, Joe Roland, Dick (Sweetlips) Walters, Reba Empress IV, Paul (Lorelei) Bentley, Roger Hall, Don Cavallo, George Banda and Gary McDonald. The voting will again be open to the City and the election will take place on the Saturday preceding the Coronation Ball, which is "tentatively" set for January 10 or 11 at the Kabuki Theater.

Congratulations to Sutter's Mill and the Pendulum softball teams for winning their division championships. One of the team will play the Police All Star Team, August 10th at Hayward Field. Be sure to buy your raffle ticket for \$1.00 each which is for the benefit of High Sierra Boys Camp which sends needy boys and girls out of the City and into the beautiful Sierras in the summer. Suzie Smith, the 15 year old talented charmer who is playing Dorothy in the "Oz" will be drawing the winning raffle tickets at the game. The All Star game between the two softball divisions will be played Sunday, August 24th and the Banquet for all players and guests will follow at Seaman's Hall. They will have a dance contest with a first prize of \$150.00. Doris should be in good shape by then, after recovering from injuries received while catching for the Kokpit's team.

Doris wants to remind you to look for the Daisy Court's booth at Circus-Circus, on Sunday, July 27th at California Hall.

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Bertha At Bat

By Jack Burden

Pendulum Sutter's Mill Split Double- Header - 3rd Game Coming

The final week of a long regular season got underway in the C.S.L. as the Roundip and the Kokpit matched talents in the first game of play on Saturday. The Kokpit finally fielded a team this day but was still no match for the more experienced Roundup squad as short-stop Jim led the hitting attack and the Roundup to a lopsided 29-4 win.

The second game on Saturday was almost a repeat of the first contest as the Hombre went on a scoring rampage against the Purple Pickle and wound up with a 26 - 9 victory. The win left the Hombre in a very good position to tie for second place in the Northern Division, should the Mint lose to the Pendulum on Sunday.

Sunday's games started out with a big surprise for most spectators. Jackson's forfeited to the Toad Hall. The most spirited team all season in spite of a totally losing effort, Jackson's could only put 5 men on the field by game time and was forced to hand Toad Hall the game with a mandatory 7 - 0 win. Since time was allowing, a mix and match game was played to entertain the fans while awaiting the big battle between the Mint and the Pendulum.

Finally, it was noon and time to find out whether the mighty Pendulum could wrap up the Southern Div., or whether the underdog Mint could force them into a playoff with the Twin Peaks.

The first inning set the excitement element at a very high scale as the Mint shocked the Pendulum by taking a 4 - 0 lead. It seemed like it was going to be a high scoring contest as the Pendulum came to bat. The Pendulum came out swinging but the Mint defense rose to the occasion, and after one inning, it was 4 - 0 Mint.

The second inning saw the Mint go scoreless while the Pendulum tallied once. End of two, 4 - 1 Mint.

The third inning saw the Mint batters go dead while the Pendulum squad seemed to be coming to life. Pendulum scores another. End of three 4 - 2 Mint.

The fourth inning saw the Pendulum begin to take control of the ballgame as they scored their third run and shut out the Mint and after four innings it was 4 - 3 Mint. Three innings to go and the Mint could claim an upset.

The fifth inning proved to be the turning point as the Mint went scoreless and the Pendulum scored six. End of five, 9 - 4 Pendulum. The Pendulum seemed ready to blow the game wide open as they took their first lead of the day.

The sixth inning saw the Mint team go on a scoring binge of their own as they disregarded the Pendulum lead and scored eight runs of their own and took the lead again 12 - 9. The Pendulum came back with 4 runs in the sixth to take the lead 13 - 12. One inning to go and anyone's ballgame.

The top of the seventh saw the Mint come to the plate trailing by one run.

[Continued Next Page]

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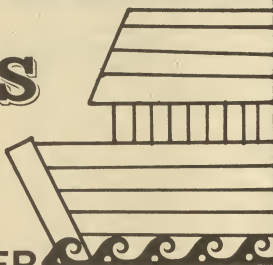
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The final game of the scheduled season saw Northern Div. champs, Sutter's Mill paired against a disheartened Twin Peaks team. Since the Pendulum had beaten the Mint, all hopes for Peaks to take the Southern Div. had died. Although disappointed, Peaks played solid ball against Sutter's. A defensive battle most of the game, saw the score 4 - 3 Sutter's after 5 and a half. In the bottom of the sixth, the Mill scored the final 5 runs of the game as they won their ninth contest, 9 - 3.

Sunday, July 20m saw a capacity crowd in excess of 500 gather at Balboa Park to witness the playoffs between Sutter's and Pendulum. A doubleheader would be played today. If the games are split, the third and deciding contest will be played on Sunday, July 27, at Balboa Park.

The first game saw both teams scoring in the first inning and the Pendulum coming out on top 4 - 3. The Mill scored again in the third to tie the game. Both teams scored in the fifth and after five it was still tied 5 - 5.

The Mill exploded for seven runs in the sixth inning to finish the scoring for both teams as they dealt the Pendulum a 12 - 5 setback to take a 1 - 0 lead in the series. The Mill had 18 hits to the Pendulum's 8. The Pendulum committed 9 errors while Sutter's had but 5. The Pendulum also had no earned runs the Mill can be attributed to the magnificent fielding of left-fielder Wes who caught everything but a cold as he put on a fielding performance that had the capacity crowd on their feet.

A twenty minute rest and the teams would take the field again to vie for that coveted league title.

As in the first game, the second contest saw another outstanding performance by a player. This time it was new Pendulum pitcher Mo, who pitched one of the Pendulum's best ballgames I have ever seen a pitcher toss. Definitely one of the year's best. The pitching of Mo seemed to bother the deadly Sutter hitters as they seemed to pop up almost every pitch. In the meantime, the Pendulum scored 2 runs in the first inning to take the lead and after 3 it was 2 - 0 Pendulum. It looked like Mo had a shut-out going. The Mill finally tallied in the fourth to avoid being totally denied a

run, but could not score again as the Pendulum took the second contest, 3 - 1, to tie the series at one apiece.

The final game to decide the C.S.L. champ of '75 will be played at 12:00 on Sunday, July 27, at Balboa Park on San Jose Ave.

Final Standings Northern Division

Sutter's Mill	9-1
Hombre	6-4
Mint	6-4
Kokpit	1-9
Jackson's	0-10

Southern Division

Pendulum	9-1
Twin Peaks	7-3
Toad Hall	6-4
Roundup	5-5
ReBe's	4-6
Purple Pickle	2-8

the All-Star ballots are out and are at your sponsors. All of you ball players, be sure to go by and get your ballot to vote for your league's best. ballots must be returned to Commissioner Peter Switzer by July 28. Votes will be tabulated and the results released sometime during the first week in August. **VOTE!**

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Reward

Cash rewards are being offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the assailants of Dennis James Dickinson, deceased. (Found murdered at Folsom and Sherman Streets, San Francisco, early on the morning of July 21st.)

Contact Helping Hands Center, 771-3366. Damon de Winters, 285-4696; the B.A.R. Office, 861-5019 or the San Francisco Police Department, 553-9111.



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Sweetlips Sez

Spanish Rose wishes to announce that under no circumstances does she do 24-hour baby sitting for her friends.... Congrats to the four fine gentlemen ??? that are running for Emperor 4 of San Francisco....it'll be very interesting to see who wins, but 'Good Luck.' Lon of the Endup can only get into his 29 inch waist Levi's if he lies flat on his back to put them on, but then we understand that is not the position that Lonnie likes anyway. Next time you are in the Q.T. on Polk St., say hello to the beautiful Kathleen, the cocktail waitress during the day. She is the daughter of John Payne and Gloria de Haven. She also has a great singing voice. By the way Fred, you didn't phone, but I hope you caught your **BART** train in time. Thank you Warren of the Q.T., for the great sandwiches you had brought down to the Kokpit after the ball game. But do you think that Greta Grass should eat so much? Don't forget the upcoming

Coronation of Emperor 4. Emperor Bob Cramer has a full week of fun and surprises planned for the community and the Coronation will be at the Palace Hotel - dancing in the Garden Court, presentations in the main ballroom. Is the 'New' Bar etc. that Cabaret After Dark is opening on Folsom and ...? Joe Urban is now appearing at Card's on Upper Market St. Isn't it nice to be off unemployment insurance, even tho you are a slow bartender: and Bella says your following is very slow, slow too. The Lips will be appearing on the plank the week of the 28th of July. Monday thru Fridays - days. This is not by popular demand, but because Tom Morgan is on vacation in Southern California, with Lonnie of the Endup. Hurry back Tom, as the Lips is too old to work so hard. The Board of Directors of Tavern Guild and Doris Empress X will be the review board for the Candidates for Empress XI. Applications can be had from the Secretary, Gary McDonald or the Tavern Guild Office. The Review Board will meet on the 1st of October.

Ski, would you please come back from the country and marry Bella one

more time so that we can get her out of our hair? You know what we mean, Bella. Incidentally Bella, the flowers you did for Curt Bryan's Birthday were absolutely as fantastic as Curt is. Gardenias and strawberries, a wild combination. Curt is the 'Station Master' at the new Church Street Station. A great place to have breakfast after 2 AM, or anytime of the day as they are open 24 hrs. Spanish Rose, you are a thorn in my side. Understand that Bob Reed of the Castro Cafe has a new set of chains; have you used them yet Bob? Hear also that you are having a run on your fabulous Spanish Omelettes. I can understand why, as they are fantastic. Thank you Shirley for the fantastic job of putting the Lips together for Daddy Joe's Golden Breakfast Club Meeting on Saturday, the 26th. But starting at 3 AM just to crank is a little crazy. But thanks again and you, Shirley, never looked lovelier. You too Freddie.

Curt Bryan, you did a wonderful job at the auction for Helping Hands at the Windjammer. And Flame, you and I have a date to go to the Boot Camp in drag some evening. Remember, you can't wear red. Saturday Brunch at Sutter's Mill is a little wild, especially with Big Ruth, Craig Daley on the floor. Some really hunky people go there to make Saturday afternoons sort of wild. Kick Off Dinner for Hector for Emperor 4 is at the Brighton Express on Monday the 28th of July at 8 PM. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a 'Jim Tosh' kindly contact the Lips, or Mama Peck. Yes, I am sure a lot of people would like to know where he is. Don't forget to get the Wizard of Oz tickets as they are going fast. A lot of beautiful Portland people will be here for the opening night of the show. Mel Square, thank you so very much for representing our Empress Doris at the San Fernando Valley Coronation. Thank you for having the guts to send a representative to a function when you are unable to attend it. Mel is a perfect representative. Mama Peck, how come you needed someone to put your face on. I always thought you were two faced? Chuck Zinn is doing a superb job of the Wizard of Oz...saw a rehearsal the other evening at S.I.R. and I can only say, "Don't Miss It." Hi Tony. Latest news from the back side of Pacific Heights has it that the re-vamp of the Lion is again packing them in. The bartenders star. Especially C. Village favorite, John. Go see what I mean.

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Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

The 49'er Chapter of the Knights of Malta make their first major function come to life on Saturday, July 26th, with a benefit bash for the Inter-Club Fund at Emperor II Russ' house, 59 Carl St., from 8 to Midnight. Price of admission is \$3.50 and is a button instead of a ticket. There will be an open bar, entertainment and swimming in a heated pool. In addition, voting for Golden Knight Awards will take place with nominees in several categories and the voting ends at 9:00 PM. See you all there!

Next weekend, the Barbary Coasters M/C and their adherents make their 9th Annual trek to the Gold Country in Sonoma County for the Gold Rush Run. The run has been sold out for weeks already, with many hunky studs already signed up. The Coasters will be doing their own food this time out and the show under the direction of the award-winning master of camp drag, Mr. John Blythe. If you didn't get signed up for this one, shame on you! Why, even our illustrious Empress Doris and Emperor Bob will lend their gracious presence to this one!

While the Barbary Coasters are roming around the Gold Country, way over in Hamburg, Germany, the MSC Hamburg are staging their 3rd International leather meeting with representation from at least one San Franciscan, one Los Angeleno and several New Yorkers in attendance. The whole wild weekend sounds fantastic and congratulations to the MSC on this, their third convention.

☆☆☆

This is the BIG weekend. The culmination of weeks and weeks of work will take place this coming Sunday, July 27th at noon - California Hall - until 8:00 PM for the 4th Annual Circus-Circus. Under the direction of Emperor Candidate Hector, a huge committee has toiled their tails off for what promises to be the biggest and best Circus to date. The booths are all sold out - Kati Ullman's SWEET CHARIOT all woman's rhythm and blues band will be playing and thousands are expected to attend. The tickets are only \$3.00, so see you all there Sunday. Special thanks to Mark Calhoun and Sandy Launer for their special hard work getting the candidates for Mr. and Ms. Circus-Circus known to the public. The

planning and coordination for the candidates paid off because I have never felt closer to the gay women's community than I have during the past two weeks of the Circus campaign. The love waves and vibrations at Castro Station, Scott's, Ritch Street, etc., were very strong. Good luck to all the candidates; remember, whether you win or lose, you DID raise money for OPERATION CONCERN, and that's what it's all about! Right on and a big thanks to the Circus Committee from the entire community!

☆☆☆

There are four candidates for Emperor IV of San Francisco, the largest amount since the first coronation. The Emperor Candidate Review Board met last Tuesday and selected four men, namely: Hector Navarro, Mike Delaney, Mike Carangi and Bill Dean. Vests and buttons appeared almost immediately and supportive camps are already in existence with parties, dinners, auctions and other vote-inducing activities planned all the way up to Sept. 12th. The

[Continued Next Page]

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voting for Emperor will take place on Saturday, Sept. 13, from Noon to 8:00 PM, and of course, the Coronation Ball will take place that night at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. Visitors and royalty from throughout the West and including Denver and Phoenix will attend. The Garden Court and the Grand Ballroom will be utilized this year, and yes, since the Joker in Data Boy has betrayed someone's confidence, there WILL be an Imperial Crown Prince named that night, and you'll all be very much pleased!

☆☆☆

The San Francisco portion of Data Boy's SAULLY AWARDS will be held here on Tuesday, August 19, at the Hyatt Union Square in the Grand Ballroom. There will be no reserved seating and the doors open at 8:00 PM. Entertainment by STANDING ROOM ONLY, a real hot group is planned and of course, the King and Queen of the Saullys will be voted on by YOU. Yes, Melvina, you can attend in drag, before you "take umbrage" at something that doesn't exist.

☆☆☆

MUDDLING IN A MIASMA OF MEANINGLESS MUMBLING... Those madcap RAINBOWS M/C are planning their outrageous 3rd Anniversary at the NO NAME BAR on Sunday, Aug. 10, with a \$2.00 Beer Bust and mucho, mucho surprises so don't miss this one...down in L.A. last weekend and had a BLAST with the Blue Max M/C, Satyr's M/C, Oedipus and a bevy of hunks at THE STUD. I'm safe in saying the Stud in L.A. is THE hottest bar going and of course, with a star bartender like J.C. Corbett behind the plank and the hunky Chris too, plus Rick (formerly of the Truck Stop) doing the chef-ly chores, is it any wonder? I have obtained 20 prints of photos taken on the CMC Rainer Creek Run from Dallas Gill

including you Cam Solari, Vinny Grace, Buddy Thompson, Richard Thompson, Ted Tichenor and Ray Floyd....Saw Gordy Juhl at GRIFFS too and he and his John are celebrating their 1st Anniversary on the 1st of Aug...Don't forget Peter and Tammy's Red & White Boogie Ball on Aug. 23 at SIR - tickets are only \$5 for a button admission... Devotees to Juanita's will be glad to know that the undaunted woman is back in operation with the opening of her new GRIST MILL located in Jack London Village in Sonoma County...Jesus Christ Satan wants you all to know that he is no longer Crown Prince Arcadia, but his new name is Mare Petere Babuszka and he vows he will be the next mayor of SF, running under the banner of the General Assembly of the United Nations - Dianne Feinstein are you reading this? ... Watch for a big new all gay ballet coming up soon, starring Twinkle Tinkle Tom Avila - my spies on the CMC run tell me Miss Tequila did enough toe dances on the roofs of so many tents that he made Nureyev look like a beginner and I do believe that...Watch for a new liquor store, THE SQUIRRELS, opening at 549 Castro with everything from "booze to nuts" and two hunks running it...The CSL game between Sutter's Mill and the Pendulum brought out quite a crowd last Sunday and team supporters were MOST vociferous. Stefanie Miller, as a cheerleader, you are superb! The Mill won one and the Pendulum won the other. Next Sunday, same time, same place, the FINAL game will be played to determine WHO will play the cops on August 10th. Be there ... All of you who are into FF of A will be surprised to learn of the interest in that "sport" soon - and educational program is under preparation at this writing to warn of the dangers of this game by the inexperienced and I hope Bob "Patti" Page is

up and around soon ... Tucker Trueheart of the NO NAME Bar is single again, which is what he should have remained in the first place and Todd Morrow took up a new vocation in a straight bar on the Wharf, leaving Warren, Teddy and Mario to do their thing with Mother Ron overseeing it all... Mike Hackett of the RAMROD announces he's leaving for New York soon along with Jeff Blouse of the 527 CLUB and they will be missed sorely ... Meanwhile Dick Cook, Ken Leetow and Milton White at the Boot Camp seem to be having a ball working together; just a few of the South of Market bartenders that help draw so many nice dudes around ... Also a note of appreciation to Gary McDonald, new Secretary of the Tav. Guild who is most busy these days putting together the program for the WIZARD OF OZ, on Aug. 15, 16 and 17 - the production will be great so buy your tickets now. Empress Doris' court is doing ALL this for Operation Concern so BE THERE ... the posters are HOT, HOT, HOT too ... And what's this about Curt Bryan and Mark being an eye-team? ... The Inter-Club Fund Celebrity Auction at Sir was a knockout event too - almost \$2000 raised and many, many thanks to ALL the auctioneers and especially to Bob Kellman who put the whole thing together and took a year to bring it all to fruition (excuse the expression) for one great afternoon ... And may as well tell you that the illustrious Jo Daly is nominated for a spoon award and they will be held at the New Bell Saloon on Sunday, Aug. 16, at 5:00 PM ... And why on earth Ken Leetow has to go all the way to LA for a dentist appointment is beyond me unless the dentist is putting more than his "tools" in your mouth honey ... Keep forgetting to mention that Holly Harlot and Joetta Parnell also share the quarters at Fell Manor and some of their antics even outshine Regina Novak and that's saying a whole hell of a lot, considering he was Slut of the Year at the Saully's last year ... ho hum. That winds it up for this issue - see you at Circus-Circus and the Knights of Malta bash Friday night. 'Til then, keep a cool tool, and see you all around the campus, South of Market, of course! Love you all,

Mister Marcus

B.A.R.

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RANDOM HARVEST:

Maroon! What a busy month July has turned out to be....and, amazingly enough, the results of various gay activities, events and agencies (What I mean to say gay people, men & women) has meshed into almost complete cooperation within our community. Bravo! All of this hard work, a great deal of exhausting fun, wicked schedules and fund-raising deserved and deserves our full support. As my chum, Richard (Empress Cristal) said: "Remember, united we stand, divided, they'll get us one by one!" Plus the mind-staggering fact, that we of the gay community present an awesome political force which the wise politicos court and woo. Vote. Vote. Vote. We are steadily becoming an un-minority. Except for our sexual proclivities, (straights have them also), we are a human force demanding and winning "human" rights.....


SAN FRANCISCO BOOGIE:

Congratulations to the sharp four chaps running for Emperor IV of San Francisco. They are: Hector Navarro, Mike Caringi, Mike Delaney and Bill Dean. Bob Cramer, our present hard-working & successful Emperor, formerly presented these four able men at the Cable Car Barn Dance. Bob and his Cable Car Court did a super job... with all the proceeds going to S.I.R. With the handsome Wally Rutherford emceeing, it was a sparkling & fun event. These four emperor candidates are attractive and bright. Their campaigns will start rolling now so they can meet the public and present their platforms to garner votes on the day of the Emperor's Coronation, Saturday, Sept. 13th, to be held at the Palace Hotel. The public voting will be held at S.I.R. headquarters that same day from 12 noon till 8 o'clock. It's shaping up to an interesting race!

The 11th Anniversary celebration of S.I.R. was a gala evening. Doug DeYoung, Ken Rice and staff presented a lovely and happy evening. While the marvelous Michelle emceed in his inimitable manner. A buffet of fabulous foods, a \$1000.00 gift certificate (at the

[Continued Next Page]

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Town Squire) donated by the Golden Gate Business Association, along with dancing & refreshments from the bar kept the jolly throng bubbling. A major highlight of the evening was a special preview of four numbers from the up-coming "Wizard of Oz." Fantastic! A perfect "Dorothy" is played by a talented young lady named Susie Smith. Susie, along with other members of the cast received standing, resounding applause from the delighted crowd. This show is going to be a definite shash hit. My compliments to that remarkable Chuck Zinn and cast. Tickets are on sale now. This is a benefit

for Operation Concern. Run, don't walk for your tickets. You'll hate yourself if you miss this show! Call or see me for more info.....

SOLD TO THE HIGHEST (YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?) BIDDER:

Recently, two auctions were held. One at the Windjammer for Helping Hands. Hyah, Ray. And, the other for defraying future decorating expenses for S.I.R. at Le Domino Club. Hyah, Gunther & Luke. You see, raising money can be fun! With items ranging from mink to manure, both auctions created a hilarious evening for worthy causes. Kudos to Curt of the Church Street Station, Chuck (Flame) of S.I.R., Sweetlips of the Kokpit, Empress V Shirley, Harry Lordan of Le Domino, Kish of the Purple Pickle and a host of others too numerous to mention. Damned proud of you.

Speaking of proud, the "ugly duckling" has turned into a lovely swan. I'm talking about the new, fresh look of S.I.R. headquarters. A million roses to Rick Hammond (Mr. Cowboy 75-76 & Closet Queen 1-A) and Chuck Baylis (Flame) who purchased and donated all the paint and fabric. Working with a decorating committee night and day.... and, I mean night and day....they have created a bright, sparkling atmosphere. Even the piano is painted. Working with Chuck & Rick were: Jim Derwin, Bob Donocan, Ric Jackson, Jerry Wilson, Bob Wiggin, Larry Bartholmew (Leah), Mike Gerena, Tony Discette, Charlotte Coleman, Larry Eppinette, Ken Rice and the Little Angle of S.I.R., Harry.

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Hope I haven't left anyone out. These gorgeous people are always there when help and work is needed. Let them know when you see any of these folks how grateful we are for their selfless endeavours!!!!

SCOOP! SCOOP! NO. ONE:

The genial Papa Joe Roland of the Gangway is scheduled to follow Princess La Kish in October for a roasting at the 527 Club. This month is Mr. & Miss Gay SF, Tammy Lynn & Peter Decker Jr. Next month, August is Empress Reba "Rattlesnake" for \$5.00, a complete dinner, including tax & tip, will provide an extremely entertaining evening. With the likes of your hosts, Lenny (Godfather I) and that charming Earl (waiter of the year) with the talented mouth of my buddy Randy Johnson of the House of Harmony, watch out!

SCOOP! NO. TWO:

That other Sally, Tom of Toad Hall & The Woods, had a brand new toy. I believe it's to be called "The City." Sally should never have learned to play the game, "Monopoly."

SCOOP NO. THREE:

The Lion is back among the civilized... Welcome back! The "Great unwashed" are gone. Along with a new crew of the hunkiest barkeeps in town, some of the finest musical sound and a new decor, the Lion is roaring again. Until this paragraph, the Lion is where Bob Ross (Mercury) of the "P.S. & Church Street Station and Fred Skau of the New Bell Saloon have been hiding & cruising out. They are torn between the help and the new customers. And, it takes a lot to tear Bob & Freddie. Need I say more?????

WATCH FOR:

Circus-Circus, Sunday July 27th. From 12 noon til 8 o'clock, at California Hall, all hell will break loose with a happy partaking of gaming booths, food & drink booths, books & movies, flowers & booze, dancing and many more interesting activities. There will even be a kissing booth. This is for Operation Concern, and for those of you who attended last year's Circus-Circus, you know what a big blast this function is. Don't miss it! See you there....Bye now, Cheers, Sal.

*P.S. Don't know all the details yet, but I understand the Saulty Awards will be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel at Union Square in San Francisco next month. This has grown into a major SF participation bit and it'll be fun to see our Los Angeles brothers and sisters again. Hi, Shirley & Dave.

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Jobs Offered

Grandma's House will be holding auditions every first Wed. of each month at 8:00 PM (Dancers, singers, comedians). For more information call 447-9966 every Mon & Tues between 6 & 7:30 PM. E-14

Auditions for entertainers in newest San Jose Gay Club. Any evening call 285-7171, ask for "Alfie," after 9 P.M. or come to the Paragon, 1500 Almaden Rd. E-12

Room in Hayward available in exchange for gardening, house-hold help. Box 2720, Castro Valley CA 94541. (Students). E-15

House-boy wanted. Room & Board & cash. Call 333-8401. E-15

WANTED-JAPANESE HOUSEBOY
Pvt. rm & board & salary. Light work. Student OK. Good future & many benefits for clean cut boy. Help with English if desired. Phone 626-6667, after 4 PM. E-15

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Top massage by handsome levi-leather butch, 32, dark hair, green eyes. 6'2", 42"C, 32"W, hung 8". Your fantasy or mine. Call Sergio when you want a man. (415) 626-4130 E-16

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Young Latin student. Loving calls. Call 111-11, please. Out massage only. "Al" 824-6159. E-16

Total sensual massage by handsome muscular man 24. Jack 863-8868. E-16

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People

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I'M DRIVING EAST AUG. 20
Leather guy driving to Toronto around Aug. 20. Want to take it easy. No definite route. Would like to share driving and expenses. Write PO Box 7064, Stanford, CA 94305. E-15

Into wrestling? Bay Area Wrestling Club, 276 Golden Gate, Box 214. S.F. CA 94102. E-16

YOUNG SLIM ORIENTAL seeks week-end companionship. Please leave message for Lee at (415) 775-4806 anytime. E-16

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CALL MARK AT 626-7482. E-15

18 yr. old male needs a gentle home in the S.F. area while relocating/finding a job etc. Please contact Carl Dearing, 1802 W. 39th St., Gary, Indiana, 46408. E-15

Handsome latin lad to please you. Ask for Summer specials. Out Call 282-1597. E-15

Moving to S.F. looking for mature, responsible male, 21-35, to locate/share apt. 1 Sept. Must appreciate the good life. Business oriented. Into arts, water sports, travel, gourmet cooking, leather. Must be sharp. Write: A.J.A., 2606 Piedmont Rd., Atlanta, GA. 30324 E-15

Young Oriental/Latino sought by masc. handsome, blonde, blue-eyed male, 38, Box 81, 2439 Ocean Ave., San Francisco 94127. E-15

WANTED: Husky bodybuilder who digs same for sex. 885-4446 or 441-8630. Keep trying. Rex. E-15

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\$425 - 535 Douglas nr Castro Village. Spacious 2 bdrm, 2 bath flat, with frpl., sundeck, w/w cpts., drps, AEK, self-cleaning oven, dishwasher, gar. Mature employed adults. No pets. 334-3591 eves. E-15

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